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The Eastern Mail (Vol. 01, No. 26): January 20, 1848

Ephraim Maxham

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The Eastern Mail.

BY EPH. MAXHAM.

A Family Newspaper...Devoted to Literature, Agriculture, and General Intelligence.

TERMS, \$2.00; \$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. I.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, THURSDAY, JAN. 20, 1848.

NO. 26.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, IN
WINGATE'S BUILDING,
MAIN STREET, (OPPOSITE DOW & CO.'S STORE.)

TERMS.
If paid in advance, or within one month, \$1.50
If paid within six months, 1.75
If paid within the year, 2.00
Country Produce received in payment.

Miscellaneous.

Abridged and translated from Alex. Dumas' travels
in Switzerland, for the Boston Whig.

THE BEAR STEAK.

I reached the hotel at Martigny towards four
o'clock in the afternoon.

'Does Monsieur take dinner?' inquired my
host.

'Every day, religiously.'

Hearing my affirmative answer, he contin-

ued—

'Monsieur has arrived in good time, we still

have some of the bear.'

'Ah! ah!' said I, not much pleased at the

dainty—and is your bear good?

The landlord smiled, and nodded his head

up and down, with a movement which might

be translated thus—'When you have tasted

it, you will not wish to eat anything else.'

'Very well,' I continued, 'and what is your

dinner hour?

'Half past five.'

I took out my watch, it was only ten minutes

past four. I shall have time, I said to myself,

to visit the old chateau. In the hope of a good night,

I made the tour of the town and its environs in

an hour and a half, a space sufficient for view-

ing whatever is remarkable in the ancient cap-

ital of the Pennine Alps.

When I returned, the travellers were at the

dinner table. I threw a rapid uneasy glance

towards the guests, all the chairs touched, and

all were full—there was no room for me.

I started and turned round in quest of my

host. He was behind me, I noticed a roguish

expression in his face; he smiled.

'And where shall poor I sit?'

'Hold,' said he, pointing with his finger to-

wards a little side table, 'hold, there is your

place.'

My little table was indeed admirably served.

Four dishes formed the first course, and in the

centre was a beef-steak, of an appearance to put

to the blush any English beef-steak. My host

perceived that it engrossed my attention, he

bent towards my ear, with a mysterious air,

'there is not the like of that for every body,'

said he to me.

'But what now, is this beef-steak?'

'Part of the bear's fillet! nothing else!'

I should have been as well pleased if he had

left me to suppose that it was part of a fillet of

beef.

I looked mechanically at this meat; so cele-

brated, which reminded me of those unfortu-

nate animals.

I had seen when quite small, roaring and

matted with dirt, having a chain at their noses,

and a man at the end of the chain, and clum-

sily dancing on a horse formed out of a staff,

like that of the child in Virgil—I heard the

dull sound of the drum which the man was

beating, and the shrill tone of the fagot which

he was blowing; and all this gave me no vor-

acious appetite for the much lauded meat which

was before my eyes. I still hesitated, and

turned the brown edges over and over, when

my host, who looked at me without compre-

hending my hesitation in the least, decided me

by a last 'try taste of it for me, and tell me

what you think of it.'

In fact, I cut off a bit of the size of an olive,

sopping it in as much butter as it could absorb,

and opening my mouth I applied it to my teeth,

rather from shame than the expectation of

overcoming my repugnance. My host-stand-

ing behind me followed all my movements with

the benevolent impatience of a man who enjoys

minutes after, a second roar was heard, but so

potent, so close at hand, that William thought

he should not have time to reach his house, and

threw himself down, with his face to the ground;

having the single hope that the bear might be

coming for his pears and not for himself. In

fact, the animal appeared almost immediately

at the corner of the orchard; he advanced in

a straight line towards the pear-tree in ques-

tion, passed within ten paces of William, nim-

bly mounted the tree, whose branches cracked

beneath the weight of his body, and began to

make such thorough work, as left it evident

that two visits of the sort would render the

third useless. When he had satisfied him-

self, the bear slowly descended, as if sorry to

leave any; he repassed close to our huntsman,

whose gun charged with salt could be of no

great use on the occasion, and retired quietly

to the mountain. All this had occupied near-

ly an hour, during which the time had appear-

ed longer to the man than to the bear.

However, the man was courageous, and he

had softly said as he saw the bear departing,

'Very well, away with you; but this shall not be

the end of the matter, we shall meet again.'

The next day, one of his neighbors who came

to visit him, found him busy sawing into stags

the prongs of a fork.

'What are you doing there?' he said to him.

'I am amusing myself,' answered William.

The neighbor took up the pieces of iron,

turning them round in his hand like a man who

knew what he was about, and after having re-

flected a moment, 'Hold, William,' said he, 'if

you will be frank, you will confess that these

little shreds of iron are designed to pierce

through a tougher skin, than that of the cha-

nois.'

'Perhaps so,' answered William.

'You know me to be a good fellow,' resumed

Francis—for that was the neighbor's name.

'Come now, if you will agree, the bear shall

belong to both of us; two men are better than

one.'

'That is as it may chance,' said William,

who continued to saw his third spike.

'Listen,' continued Francis, 'I will leave

the whole of the skin to you alone, and we will

share only the bounty and the meat.'

'I prefer all,' said William.

'But you cannot prevent my hunting for the

track of the bear in the mountain, and putting

myself in ambush on his course, if I find it.'

'You can do as you please,' and William,

who had finished sawing his three slugs, pro-

ceeded, whistling while he did it, to measure a

charge of powder double to what is usually

put into a carbine.

'You seem to take a good supply of ammu-

nition,' said Francis.

'Pretty good! three iron slugs are more

sure than one ball of lead.'

'They will spoil the skin.'

'They will kill more certainly.'

'And when do you propose to have the chase?'

'That I will tell you to-morrow.'

'I ask for the last time, will you take me

with you?'

'No!'

'I give you warning that I am going to hunt

for the track.'

'Joy go with you.'

'Shall we go shares?' speak.

'Each for himself.'

'Good buy, William.'

'Good luck to you, neighbor.'

And the neighbor, as he was going away saw

William put a double charge of powder into

his hunting pipe, slip into it the three slugs

and place the weapon in a corner of his shed.

At evening, passing again before the house, he

perceived William sitting on a bench which

was near the door, and tranquilly smoking his

pipe. He went to him once more.

'Listen,' said he to him, 'I bear no ill will.

instant when rearing on his hind legs, he em-

braced the trunk with his fore-paws, laying

bare his breast, which was no longer protected

by his thick shoulders, a rapid flash of light

suddenly gleamed against the rock, and the

whole valley re-echoed with the report of the

double loaded musket, and the roar uttered by

the animal which was mortally wounded.

There was not perhaps a single person in the

whole village, who did not hear the re-

port of William's gun, and the roar of the

bear.

The bear took to flight, re-passing, without

perceiving him, within ten paces of William,

who had drawn back his arms and head into

the sack, and was confounded again with the

rock.

The neighbor beheld this scene, supported

on his knees and left hand, clasping his car-

bine with the right, pale, and holding his

breath.—And yet he is an unflinching hun-

ter. However, he acknowledged to me, that

at that moment, he should have preferred lay-

ing in his bed to laying in ambush.

The matter grew much worse when he saw

the wounded bear, after having made a circuit,

trying to recover his track of the preceding

evening, which led straight up to himself. He

made the sign of the cross, for our huntsmen

are devout, commended his soul to God, and

satisfied himself that his carbine was in order.

The bear was now only fifty paces from

him, roaring with pain, stopping to roll him-

self and bite his side in the spot where it was

wounded, and then resuming his course.

Still he drew nearer. He was now only

twenty paces distant. In two seconds more,

he must have dashed against the neighbor's

carbine, when he suddenly paused, eagerly

snuffed up the wind which blew in the direc-

tion of the village, uttered a terrible roar and

returned to the orchard.

'Take care of yourself, William, take care,'

cried Francis darting forward in pursuit of the

bear, and forgetting all to think only of his

friend: for he plainly saw that if William had

not had time to reload his gun, he was lost; the

bear had scented him.

He had not gone ten paces when he heard

a cry. This time, it was a human cry, a cry

at once of anguish and terror; a cry wherein

he who uttered it had summoned up all the

strength of his lungs, all his prayers to God,

all his demands on men, for succor. 'Help—

help!'

All then was hushed, not even a sigh follow-

ed the cry of William.

Francis did not run, he flew. The descent

of the ground accelerated his speed. The

neighbour drew the more distinctly he perceiv-

ed the monstrous beast moving in the shade,

trampling on William's body and tearing it in

pieces.

Francis was but four paces from them, yet

the bear so desperately bent on his prey that

he seemed not to have perceived him. Francis

dared not fire, from the fear of killing

William, if he were not already dead, and he

trembled so that he could not be sure of his

aim. He picked up a stone and threw it at

the bear.

The animal turned round in fury against

his new enemy; they were so close to one an-

other that the bear reared up on his hind legs

to crush him in his hug; Francis felt the rub-

bing of his breast against the stock of his car-

bine. Mechanically he applied his finger to

the trigger, the gun went off.

The bear fell backwards; the ball had pier-

ced his breast and broken the spinal bone.

Francis left him to drag himself on his fore-

legs, howling, and ran to William. He was

no longer a man, no longer even a corpse.

There were only bones and mangled flesh;

the head had been almost entirely devoured.

'Undoubtedly.'

'And pray sir, don't you think he will gov-

ern it quite as well when you are gone out

of it?'

'Certainly.'

'Then sir, pray excuse me, but don't you

think you may trust him to govern it quite

as well as long as you live?'

To this question Whitelocke had nothing

to reply: but turning himself about, soon fell

fast asleep, and lay till he was summoned to

embark.

THE GREAT FREEMONT RIDE.

IN CALIFORNIA.

This extraordinary ride of eight hundred

miles in eight days, including all stoppages and

near two days detention—a whole day and

night at Monterey, and nearly two half days at

San Luis Obispo—not only shows the horse-

man's power of the riders, but the great endur-

ance and power of the Californian horse, espe-

cially as one of them was subjected in the course

of the ride to an extraordinary trial in order to

exhibit the capacity of his race.

It was day-break on the morning of the 22d

of March that the party set out from Ciudad

de los Angeles, (the city of Angels,) in the

southern part of Upper California, to proceed

in the shortest time to Monterey, on the Pa-

cific ocean, full four hundred miles. The way

is over a mountainous country, much of it is

inhabited, with no other road than a trace, and

many defiles to pass, particularly the maritime

defile of El Rincon, or Punto Gordo, fifteen

miles in extent, made by the jutting of a pre-

cipitous mountain into the sea, which can only

be passed when the tide is out and the sea

calm—and even then in many places through

the waves. The towns of Santa Barbara and

San Luis Obispo, and occasional ranches, are

palaces of her fathers, surrounded by all the pomp the Austrian monarchy could confer, to meet her future husband. As the long train of carriages left Vienna, the people gazed mournfully upon the scene. Maria Antoinette, the last princess Austria had furnished for the throne of France, but a few years before had perished miserably upon the scaffold. The populace were only prevented by the soldiers, from cutting the traces of the carriages and preventing the departure. The gorgeous procession proceeded on its way towards the frontiers of France. Napoleon had never yet seen the bride who was coming to meet him. 'She is not beautiful,' he said, as he gazed upon her miniature, 'but she is a daughter of the Cæsars.'

When Maria arrived at the Rhine, her Austrian attendants left her, and she was received by the French nation, and conducted towards Paris with the highest possible accompaniments of imperial splendor. The bells rang their merriest peals of congratulation. The Austrian and the tri-colored flag floated in friendly embrace from every tower. Triumphant arches, illuminated cities, and civic and military processions greeted her progress, while the horses of her chariot buried their hoofs in the beds of roses which were spread over her path. France, then in the zenith of its pride and intoxicated with glory, from the Rhine to the Pyrenees, resounded with all the expressions and demonstrations of rejoicing. Napoleon met her near Compiegne. Springing from his own carriage, he eagerly leaped into that of the Empress, and, entirely regardless of all the restraints and etiquette of courts, folded her in his embrace with the most youthful impetuosity. The postillions were ordered to drive upon the gallop to the palace of Compiegne. This unexpected arrival was not at all unwelcome to Maria, and a few hours in the society of her imperial husband invested her with such queenly ease and affability, that she could hardly be recognized by her former attendants. The marriage ceremony was celebrated with the utmost splendor at St. Cloud, and never before or since has Paris resounded with such an uproar of rejoicing, as when Napoleon led his youthful bride into those apartments of the Tuilleries, from which Josephine, but three months before, had been so cruelly ejected.—Four queens held the bridal train of Maria Louisa, and the ambassadors of all the Courts of Europe revolved around her, as their central luminary. But who can tell how dimly these rejoicings fell upon the ear of Josephine, as she sat weeping in her deserted chambers.

In one year from that time, Maria was placed upon that mysterious couch of suffering from which no regal wealth or splendor can purchase exemption. Her pains were long protracted and her anguish dreadful. The attendant physicians, in the utmost trepidation, informed Napoleon that the life of the mother or the child must be sacrificed. 'Save the mother,' said Napoleon; but, perceiving that they had lost their presence of mind, in the view of the peril of so illustrious a patient, he immediately added, 'Do as you would with the wife of the humblest tradesman in the Rue St. Denis.' The physicians reassured, returned to their duty, and the crisis was passed.

The birth of this child was an event which had been anticipated by all France, with the most sincere interest. It had been previously announced that the canon of the Invalids should proclaim the advent of the expected heir to the throne. If the child were a prince, twenty-one guns were to be fired; if a princess, one hundred. At six o'clock in the morning of the 20th of March, 1810, all Paris was aroused by the deep booming of those heavy guns, reverberating over the city in annunciation of the arrival of the welcome stranger. Every window was instantaneously thrown open. Every ear was on the alert. The slumberers were roused from their pillows, and silence pervaded all the streets of the busy metropolis, as the vast throngs stood motionless to count the tidings which those explosions were thundering into their ears. The heart of the great capital ceased to beat, and in all her glowing veins the current of life stood still.—When the twenty-first gun had been fired, the interest was intense beyond all conception. The next moment the guns, double loaded, pealed forth the most welcome announcement, and from the entire city one universal roar or acclamation rose and blended with their thunders. Never was an earthly monarch greeted with a more affecting demonstration of a nation's love and homage. The birth of a King of Rome, how illustrious! The thoughtful mind will pause and muse upon the striking contrast furnished by his death. Who could then have imagined that his renounced father would perish a prisoner in a dilapidated stable in St. Helena, and that this child, a nation's idol, would linger through a few short years of neglect and sorrow, and sink into a forgotten grave.

FREAKS OF A MEXICAN BULL.

In an interesting letter to the Philadelphia North American, dated at Puebla, 5th August, we find the following humorous account of an impromptu 'bull-fight':

About a week since, Generals Scott, Twiggs and Shields, with an escort of dragoons, and the 2d and 7th infantry, made an excursion to the site of the ancient Aztec city, and I joined it. About two miles from Puebla a laughable incident occurred, though it well might end in a tragedy. The infantry were ascending an easy slope, when two Mexicans came along with a powerful bull, while one of them held by a lasso over the horns, while the other urged him along with a goad. The animal became restive as the soldiers passed, and finally breaking away from those who held him, charged the left flank, carrying a soldier off upon his horns, and landing him in the mud on the opposite side of the road. The two men finally got hold of the lasso again, and were getting him along very well, when four of us civilians came along on horses. Then he began to plunge and paw the ground, and one of the Mexicans, who got in front of the beast to beat him still, was tossed clear over the bull's back. The infuriated creature then pitched into the other, and throwing him into about two feet of mud and water, gored and ducked him for several seconds. All the horsemen rode up and succeeded in driving the animal from his prey, when he turned and put after us, more furious than ever. As we had no arms, and did not choose to have our horses ruined, there was some pretty 'tail walking' for a short distance. The animal ran down the column till near the head of the 7th regiment, and then charged again, making a pretty wide breach in the ranks. After satisfying himself that the 7th was 'no where,' when he was about, he made a rush on the 2d. The boys had time to fix their bayonets, however, and met our friend so coolly, that after receiving five or six bayonet wounds he halted off and gave up the battle. In a few moments we saw him lassoed by a horseman and pulled along towards the city, bleeding profusely and looking quite crestfallen. He had evidently been deceived in his first charge, and seeing no bayonets, probably did not reckon on finding any on the second plunge. But he can (if the butchers have not killed him, which I strongly suspect,) console himself

with the fact that he made more consternation among two regiments of U. S. Infantry, than a thousand two-legged Mexicans could have done.

THE HOLY LAND.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Our last view of Jerusalem was very fine. We looked back from a ridge on the northern road, and saw it lying, bright and stately, on its everlasting hills; but it looked lower than from most other points of view, from the Mount of Olives forming its lofty background. We descended the slope before us, and lost sight of the Holy City forever. Again we were struck with the vivid coloring of the scenery. All this day the hills were dressed in brilliant hues:—the soil, red, gray and brown; the tiled portions of the brightest green; and the shadows purple or lilac. All the hills show traces of having been once terraced; and they were still completely so in the neighborhood of our encampment this evening,—the terraces following the strata of the stone, which all lay slanting. This gives a singular air of wildness to the most cultivated spots. Here and there were basins among the hills, the red soil dropped all over with fig and olive-trees, or full of corn; and the upland track winding among slopes all strewn with cistus, iris, cyclamen, and anemones, and bristling with tall flowering hollyhocks. On we went, past deep old wells yawning in the hollows, or stone cisterns where the cattle were crowding to drink; past a few camels here and there, browsing in the dells; past groups of Arabs with their asses, carrying corn to the city; past stone villages crowning the steep hills, till, at 6 p.m., we encamped beside a beautiful old pool. We were under the shelter of a rock whose moist crevices were fringed with delicate ferns. While dinner was preparing I went back on our road—the narrow stony road which wound round the verdant promontory opposite to our rock—to find a honeysuckle which I had seen climbing and blossoming to a great height; and I brought back a charming handful of flowers.

While we were at dinner in the tent, a sound scuffling was heard outside; and when our dragoman next entered, he was out of breath.—We afterwards heard the whole story, and were amused to find how zealous our Mohammedan servants could be in the cause of Christians. Some Arabs, with their loaded mules, had come with the intention of encamping beside the pool; and, on finding the ground partly occupied, though there was plenty of room left they became abusive and wondered aloud what business these cursed Christians had in their country. Our dragoman resented this, and threw the speaker down over the tent ropes. There was then a stout scuffle, and our cook coming to help, and the Arabs falling one upon another over the tent-pegs in the dark, they had the worst of it, and went off yowing vengeance. We heard no more of them however. The next morning, we saw the Mediterranean like a basin of deep blue waters between two hills. We were not going toward it, however, but to Nablous, the ancient Scythia; where lies that Jacob's well at which the woman of Samaria was wont to draw water.

Our road lay through a most fertile valley now called Hawarrah, where the crops were splendid for miles, and the villages were thickly planted on the hills. The ground rose in a series of table-lands of which there was a succession of three, when we were leaving the rich Hawarrah valley. The road in this part of the Holy Land were mere lanes full of stones betwixt walls, or tracks through olive ground, and meadows, or paths running along shelves of the rocks, with a bit of rocky staircase at each end, about ascending or descending which our good horses made no difficulty.

Before entering the valley where old Sychar lay between the mountains Ebal and Gerizim, we came to the fine fertile parcel of ground which Jaop bought. The valley opens out into this wide basin; and near the junction of the valley and the basin is the old well which is the supposed scene of the conversation of Jesus with the Samaritan woman. Some of our party wound round the base of the hill to the well, and some (and I for one) rode by the upper path over the shoulder of the hill, and came down on the other side. I had thus a fine view of the whole locality; of the valley where the city lies—a narrow valley, rich fig and olive groves, and overhung by the rocky bases of Ebal and Gerizim, where the square black entrance of tombs dotted the strata of the rocks. From this high, Jacob's land looked a beautiful expanse. The well is a mere rough heap of stones, with a hole in the middle, nearly closed up. It is not a well likely to be in use now, for there are many springs and shallow cisterns (though no well) between this and the town, which lies about a mile and a half off. Everybody knows that the Jews had no friendly dealings with the Samaritans in the time of Jesus. The quarrel had lasted 500 years. How many suns had gone down upon their wrath! The Samaritans have wished to assist the Jews in rebuilding the temple of Jerusalem; but the Jews hated them as a mixed race, and would not admit that they had any right to share in temple worship, or any other Jewish privileges. It really was a most serious objection to the Samaritans, that they were of a mixed race; not only because the Jews believed that they held the promises on the very ground of the purity of their race; but because the intermarriages of the former Samaritan Israelites with Assyrians and others disposed them to idolatry, or at least to a worship as mixed as their race. So the Samaritans were excluded from the rebuilding of the temple, above 500 years B. C. And not being permitted to help, they did all they could to hinder. About 100 years after, they obtained leave from the Persian court (to which both the Jews and they were subject) to build a second temple to Jehovah; and they built it on Mount Gerizim. This was a shocking impiety in the sight of the Jews; and it was the occasion of a number of law-minded Jews, who had broken the law, by marrying heathen wives, or otherwise, and who yet wished to worship Jehovah in his temple, resorting to Sychar, to join the Samaritans, and render their race yet more mixed. This was the quarrel which the women of Samaria referred to when she spoke of the question, whether 'men ought to worship in this mountain or in Jerusalem?' and thus is explained her wonder that Jesus, being a Jew, should ask water of her who was a Samaritan. There was also a quarrel about their scriptures: the Jews insisting to this day, that the Samaritans had altered two or three texts, relating to these two mountains, Ebal and Gerizim, in their own sacred copy of the books of Moses; the Samaritans insisting, of course, that theirs was the true copy.

From my early youth, I had always taken a strong interest in this old quarrel, feeling sympathy with both parties, and a keen delight in the wise and soothing words of Jesus concerning it. What a truth it was for both parties to hear, that God was now to be worshipped everywhere; and that all places were henceforth to be as sacred as the Jerusalem temple, or the mountain at Sychar! And what a lesson in liberality it was to the Jews when he gave honor to the Samaritan in the parable, on

account of his good works, above the sacred priest and the servant of the temple at Jerusalem. Both parties were, of course, wrong in their fierce anger; but each had much to plead on his own side. The Jews were bound to keep their race and worship pure; and held as an essential matter of faith, that Jehovah would have but one dwelling-place; which was their view of their temple. And the Samaritans were surely right in persisting in their endeavor to worship Jehovah, in accordance with the laws of Moses, as they did not believe in strange gods; and, if the Jews could not admit them to worship in the temple at Jerusalem, they could not be blamed for building one for themselves.

Such was always my view of the matter; and such being my view, it was with indescribable interest that I looked this day upon Mount Gerizim, and remembered that somewhere in the city we were approaching, was treasured that sacred copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch, (Books of Moses), which the possessors believe to be the true one, and to be 3,500 years old. The most learned men among the Christians do not believe it to be nearly so old as that; but they have a high opinion of its value, and would follow it sooner than any other, I believe, excepting instances where the disputed texts about Ebal and Gerizim are concerned.

The present inhabitants of the city hate the Christians as heartily as the old inhabitants used to hate the Jews. The present inhabitants are Mohammedans of a most bigoted character; and they would admit neither Jews nor Christians within their gates, till within a few years; when the government of the country (then Egyptian) compelled them to better manners. They dared not refuse us admission; but they behaved with great insolence. We had to ride from end to end of the city, our tents being pitched on a green on the other side. Our horses had to go as slowly as possible through the narrow street, which would not hold two abreast, and was paved with large slippery stones. As we rode along, one behind another at this funeral pace, all the people came out to stare, and many to mock.—Three times things were thrown in my face; men and women laughed and sneered, and children thrust out their tongues. I felt what a lesson this was to intolerance about matters of opinion. These people hold a faith which is very noble and beautiful; few of us know how noble and beautiful is the Mohammedan faith. And there is no need to say what their visitors thought of the Christian faith as they held it; and yet what a scene of hatred and misunderstanding was here! And thus it is, but too often, in the streets of other cities, where men ought to know better than to despise each other for worshipping the same God in a different manner. In the streets of other cities, men take upon themselves to pity and despise one another, with no better knowledge in reality of one another's views and feelings, than these Mohammedans had of ours, or we of theirs.

At last we were through; and glad I was to issue from the gate at the farther end. But a sad sight awaited us there. A company of lepers were under the trees, crying out to us for charity, and stretching out their maimed hands. It is a terrible sight, which we see too often in this country. It saddened us at Jerusalem almost every day.

Our tents were pitched on a weedy plot of ground, among gardens, orchards, and rippling streams, and looking up to Ebal on the one side, and Gerizim on the other. Ebal is still the sterner looking mountain of the two; but Gerizim has lost much of its fertility. Both have tombs and votive buildings, on them, which show them to have been places of pilgrimage. After dinner, we ascended a height, past the Mohammedan cemetery, whence we had a fine view, in the last sunlight, of this most beautiful city. It was once the capital of Samaria; and it is still, and must ever be, from its situation, a very striking place. It completely fills the valley, from side to side, and ascends a little way up the skirts of Gerizim. Its houses, with their flat white roofs, are hedged in by the groves which surround the town; vines spread from roof to roof, and from court to court; two or three palms spring up in the midst, and higher aloft still, a graceful minaret here and there.

Then, to my delight, we descended to seek the Samaritan synagogue. We were guided to it, and I saw nearly all the Samaritans of the place; good looking people, the men wearing the high helmet like turban which we see in the portraits of Josephus, and other old Jews. They said their number was sixty in this place, and about forty more elsewhere; only a hundred in the whole world. They declared their chief priest and the rest of their sect to be at Genoa. They keep three great feasts in the year, going up Gerizim as the Jews used to go up to the Temple. The synagogue was a small ordinary looking chapel within a certain recess of which is kept the old copy of the Pentateuch. It was shown to us after some entreaty on our part; but I could not be allowed to touch it. I felt it a great event to have seen it. It is written on a sort of vellum in the Samaritan text, clear small and even. The vellum is untattered; but it is well mounted on parchment. The priest himself dares not touch the MS. without careful purification; and he holds it by the ends of the rollers on which it is fixed as a scroll, like the copies of the Jewish law in synagogues.

We were lighted through the archways of the street, on our way home, and down the hill, by a single candle which burned steadily in the still air. Our employment this evening was reading aloud the history of the Jewish and Samaritan controversy and the fourth chapter of the gospel of John. While we were thus reading in our tent, the jackal was in full cry on the slopes of Gerizim.

WISE WORDS OF JOHN WESLEY.

We may die without the knowledge of many truths, and be carried to Abraham's bosom; but if we die without love, what will knowledge avail us? Just as much as it avails the devil and his angels. I will not quarrel with you about any opinion; only see that your hearts be right towards God—that you love the Lord Jesus Christ—that you love your neighbor—walk as your Master walked, and desire no more. I am sick of opinions; I am weary to hear them—my soul loathes their frothy food. Give me solid, substantial religion; give me a humble lover of God and man—a man full of mercy and good fruits—a man laying himself out in the work of faith, the patience of hope, the labor of love. Let my soul be with such Christians, whosoever they are; and whatsoever opinions they may hold. 'He that doeth the will of my Father in heaven, the same is my brother, and my sister, and my mother.'

IMPORTANT MOVE.—The Louisville Journal says: 'A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of Alabama, the object of which is to prevent the separation of the families of negroes, and to exempt them from sale by legal

process. A motion was made to indefinitely postpone the bill, but it was lost by a large majority.'

THE GAMESTER'S WIFE.

At Tunbridge, in the year 1815, Mr. J. Hedges made a very brilliant appearance; he had been married about two years to a young lady of great beauty and large fortune; they had one child, a boy, on whom they bestowed all that affection which they could spare from each other. Mr. H. knew nothing of gambling, nor seemed to have the least passion for play; but he was unacquainted with his own heart; he began by degrees to be at the table for trifling sums, and his heart took fire at the prospect of immediate gain; he was soon surrounded with sharps, who with calmness lay in ambush for his fortune, and coolly took advantage of the precipitancy of his passions.

His lady perceived the ruin of her family approaching, but, at first, without being able to form any scheme to prevent it. She advised with his brother, who at that time possessed a small fellowship at Cambridge. It was easily seen that whatever passion took the lead in her husband's mind, seemed to be there fixed unalterably; it was determined therefore, to let him pursue fortune, but previously to take measures to prevent the pursuit being fatal.

Accordingly every night this gentleman was a constant attendant at the hazard tables; he understood neither the arts of sharps, nor even the allowed strokes of a connoisseur, yet still he played. The consequence is obvious; he lost his estate, his equipage, his wife's jewels, and every other movable that could be parted with, except a repeating watch. His agony upon this occasion was unexpressed; he was even mean enough to ask a gentleman who sat near to lend him a few pieces, in order to turn his fortune, but this prudent gamester, who plainly saw that there was no expectation of his being repaid, refused to lend him, alleging a former resolution against lending. Hedges was at last furious with the continuance of ill success, and pulling out his watch, asked if any person in the company would set him sixty guineas upon it. The company were silent; he then demanded fifty; still no answer; he sunk to forty, thirty, twenty; finding the company still without answering, he cried out, 'By heaven, it shall never go for less!' and dashed it against the floor, at the same time attempting to dash out his brains against the marble chimney piece.

This last act of desperation immediately excited the attention of the whole company; they instantly gathered around, and prevented the effects of his passion; and after he became cool, he was permitted to return home, with sullen discontent, to his wife. Upon his entering her apartment, she received him with her usual tenderness and affection, while he answered her caresses with contempt and severity, his disposition being quite unaltered with his misfortunes.

'But my dear Jenny,' said his wife, 'perhaps you don't know the news I have to tell; my mamma's old uncle is dead, the messenger is now in the house, and you know his estate is settled on you.'

This account seemed to increase his agony, and looking angrily at her, he cried—'There you're in the wrong, my dear; his estate is not settled on me.'

'I beg your pardon,' says she, 'I really thought it was, at least you always told me so.'

'No,' returned he, 'as sure as you and I are to be miserable here, and our children beggars hereafter, I have sold the reversion of it this day, and have sold every farthing I got for it at the hazard table.'

'What, all?' replied the lady.

'Yes, every farthing, returned he; 'and I owe a thousand pounds more than I have got to pay.'

Thus speaking, he took a few frantic steps across the room. When the lady had a little enjoyed his perplexity, 'No, my dear,' cried she, 'you have lost but a trifle, and you owe nothing; your brother and I have taken care to prevent the effects of your rashness, and are actually the persons who have won your fortune; we employed proper persons for this purpose, who brought their winnings to me. Your money, your equipage, are in my possession, and here I return them to you, from whom they were lately taken. I only ask permission to keep my jewels, and to keep you, my greatest jewel, from such danger for the future.'

Her prudence had the proper effect. He ever after retained a sense of his former follies, and never played again even for amusement.

DUTY FIRST.—A pious monk, one day when he had been unusually fervent in his devotions, found his darkened cell suddenly illuminated by an unearthly light, and there stood before him a vision of the Savior, his countenance gleaming with god-like love, his hand outstretched with a gesture of kind invitation. At that same moment rang the convent bell, which called the monk in the regular course of his duty to distribute alms to the poor outside the gate. For an instant he hesitated, but the next instant found him, true to his vow of charity, on his way to the gate. The poor relieved, the work of love completed, he returned in sadness to his cell, doubting not that the heavenly vision had taken flight. But, to his surprise and joy, it was still there, and with a smile even more full than before of divine beauty and ineffable love; and there came from it the words: 'Hast thou staid, I had fled.'

Why will not all Christians remember that in the performance of duty alone is found salvation from many ills of life?

A WILD ANIMAL SUCKLED BY A WOMAN. We noticed the fact at the time, that while Raymond & Waring's Menagerie was at this place some six weeks since on exhibition, a Bengal tigress, belonging to it, gave birth to a cub, the male parent of which was a lion.—While in New York the other day, we were informed by a gentleman connected with the Menagerie, that the little cross-breed is alive and growing finely—a woman in the city, who had lost her child, having taken it to raise at her breast! We are told that Romulus and Remus, the founders of Rome, were suckled in infancy by a wolf; but we never heard before of a woman adopting a young ferocious animal, and suckling it as her own child! The step-mother to the half-lion and half-tiger, keeps her charge in a bureau drawer; and in the morning, when her husband gets out of bed, he takes the little sharp clawed fellow out, and places it in bed with his wife to suckle! When hungry, the little fellow makes a terrible racket, and seems half-crazy to get at the breast from which it draws its sustenance! Though it shows every sign of attachment and fondness for its foster-dam, we would advise her to wean it as soon as possible. This curious cross-breed is a male, its head and foreparts being a complete lion, the mane already beginning to show itself; while its body is striped, and bears full resemblance to the tiger.—[Eastern States Jour.]

Thirteen or fourteen years since, Rev. Lorenzo Dow, preached in the city of Troy. He then stated, as his opinion, that the year 1847

would be rife with war, both in this continent and Europe,—four females would reign; but only three would mount the throne, and that a nation who speaks the same language with ourselves would be mostly starved out. Lorenzo must have been a bit of a seer to prognosticate thus correctly. Exchange.

Lorenzo was no seer at all and never prognosticated any such things.



VEXATIOUS—even to the most sanctimonious it must be—this old fashion of sleeping in church. The 'pilgrim fathers' cannot have tolerated it, though it existed before the days of Miles Standish; and how it smuggled its way over Plymouth rock is more than we can tell. Probably the 'keeper of the customs' of primitive worship in the colonies was caught napping, while this dealer in contraband slipped into port. Out upon the villain, if he didn't die of night-mare, as he deserved! Eve had no share in his culpability—or else it constituted the head and front of her offending. What an insult to the preacher!—what sport for the boys!—what vexation to the audience!—what a curse to the sleeper!

To sleep or not to sleep is not the question. But who's to blame? This is the question, and we have traced it from Somnus to Nod without finding an answer. The philosophy of sleep is a simple matter,—but the philosophy of sleeping in church is another thing. The process on the part of the assailant is more imperative. Resistance is out of the question. Ticking one's nose—eating red-pepper lozenges—taking snuff, or catching flies—these are not in place; and what else can repulse the assailant? There is but one way, and this involves a compromise that barter conscience for appearance—sleeping with the eyes open. There are few that can do it, but it has been done, and by a better man than we are. We are sorry to be personal, but good old Dea.—was the man. He would brace himself securely in the corner of the pew, and fix his eyes steadily upon the face of the preacher, and folding his hands upon his breast with a coolness that said to the drowsy god, 'come on!' settle into a quiet snooze that could be disturbed by nothing but 'Amen.' The deacon had the reputation of an attentive listener, and would have retained it to this day, but for a mishap. He possessed one day, some information that the preacher did not, in regard to the appointments, and beckoned to the deacon for a communication. Fatal treachery! the deacon's eyes were unfaithful, but those of the whole congregation were true for once. The beck was repeated, but the deacon answered with a stare. It was not till a neighbor gave him a smart poke in the ribs, that he started with a snort that revealed all. 'Good old Dea.—had a bad name from that day—though our charity abundantly covered his fault.'

We once knew a church going man who was blessed with a glass eye; and it was 'rich' to see how ingeniously he would conceal his sleepy optic with his hand, while the glass one remained open to applaud the speaker. He was the envy of half the congregation! Poor man!—when he lost the other eye he had an excuse for staying at home—and some envied him still.

We never sleep in church without the destruction of a good resolution, made in the midst of our struggles to overcome the tempter—to press the pillow and yield the contest as soon as the services closed. Vexatious! that we never have a disposition to keep the pledge. That sleep is peculiar to the church, and will meet us no where else—we have tried it hundreds of times; or rather, it has tried us. There we never fail to find it, while in any other place it is as 'coy as sixteen.'

Now, we propose to drive this nuisance from the church; and think we hear the whole congregation respond 'amen!' It can be done, or philosophy is a hoax. Throw open the door, brother Sexton, next sabbath morning, one hour before the usual time; leave it open while you pass into the gallery and raise half a dozen windows. Return and build your fire—a rouser—with both doors and windows open—the upper windows, recollect, and open at the top if possible. Then fire away for an hour; when you must suddenly close windows and doors, and warm the house properly for the congregation. When they are all in, place yourself where you can watch for symptoms. If they sleep then, the fault is their own. Deacon or warden, saint or sinner, advise them to go home and 'have their nap out.'

SENATOR MOOR.—Both the Age and the Journal, at Augusta, are laboring hard, and with the utmost unanimity, to convince the public that the Governor exacted a pledge from the new Senator not to be a candidate for election before the legislature. They do not inform us whether the people signified their assent to the contract—if there was one—or whether Mr. Moor went so far as to pledge himself to decline if the legislature persist in electing him, contrary to the wishes of the Governor. The Journal predicts that we shall hear from the new Senator 'very soon' after he takes his seat. Very likely; and possibly they may hear from him longer than the editors of the Age and Journal seem to desire. Those crabbled and obstinate fellows, the 'dear people,' are apt to manifest a disposition to meddle with these 'cut-and-dried' arrangements—if it were not so, the question before the triumvirate at Augusta would be one of pressing importance. As it is, they may as well 'save their breath to cool' something they are evidently looking for.

SINGING IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

In a state of society like that which exists in our country, where is cherished the spirit of free inquiry and investigation, where every man is his own arbiter, and is permitted to decide respecting men and things according to his own judgment; it is expected that all new measures will be subjected to the closest scrutiny, that arguments will be adduced in their favor and objections urged against them, and that their reception or rejection will depend upon their fitness or unfitness to the times.

The introduction of singing into public schools is a new measure; hence it is expected that objections will be urged against it. And one is, that it is new and untried, consequently should be ranked among the countless new theories and humbugs so rife in these days of improvement and reform. There are many humbugs at the present time, none will deny; but that this is one of them, remains to be proved. The same might be said of all the improvements in the conduct of schools for the last thirty years. We would say, let such objectors contrast the condition of schools thirty years ago, with their condition at the present time, and bear in mind that the improvements made during this time originated with the same class of men as did this of which we are speaking, with those who devote their lives and fortunes to the promotion of the interests of popular education. Let such 'prove all things and hold fast that which is good.'

Another objection may be introduced in the following manner. A few weeks since, a man, high in the esteem and confidence of all who know him, whose opinion upon most subjects we value most highly, was heard to make remarks like these: 'I should have no objection to the cultivation of music in schools, or any where else, were there any practical utility in it.' Now this objection is levelled, not only against music in schools, but against the practice of it altogether. In answer to this it may be said, it is well known that music is a distinct science—the principles of which are as well ascertained and defined as those of any other science. As such, in order to be understood, and reduced to practice, they require investigation and study; and these are the direct means by which the mind is improved and enlarged. Thus one object in the cultivation of music is intellectual improvement. Again, all physiologists argue that the practice of singing (if not abused) is most beneficial to health; for by it the respiratory organs are brought into healthful exercise, thus strengthened and confirmed, and by it the habit of carrying the body erect is acquired, which is highly conducive to health. And there is some correspondence between musical notes and nervous action; hence music exerts a healthful influence on the body, especially when the manifestations of the mind are deranged. The moral nature, also, is affected by music. This can scarcely be more fully expressed than in the words of Bishop Beveridge, who thus speaks of the influence of music upon himself:—'It calls in my spirits, composes my thoughts, delights my ear, recreates my mind, and so not only fits me for after business, but fills my heart at present with pure and useful thoughts; so that when music sounds the sweetest into my ears, truth commonly flows the clearest into my mind, and hence it is that I find my soul is become more harmonious by being accustomed so much to harmony.' And it may be added, that the experience of many renders it evident that morals may be effectually improved by improvement in musical taste. Hence, if the cultivation of music is promotive of intellectual, physical, and moral education, surely in it there is practical utility; and more than this, as a science it claims the attention of the old and young, and should be introduced into every school in our land.

It is often said, and with some reason, that among no class of individuals are feuds and petty broils so common as among singers.—This ought not to be so. Why is it thus? Has music a tendency to promote strife and contention? Directly to the contrary. Is it because singers participate in the services of the sanctuary, that they manifest a quarrelsome disposition? By no means. But why the dissension among singers? A class of individuals are associated together in the capacity of a choir, for the high and holy purpose of conducting worship in the house of God. To this class is granted the exclusive privilege of offering praise to the Most High. But they mistake the object and turn their attention to minor affairs. These are the questions so difficult to decide. Who shall be first? Who observes best the peculiarities of the latest fashion? Who worships in the most scientific manner? Their object is not so much to offer praise to God, as to receive the praise of the congregation. Those actuated by such notions, cannot offer acceptable praise. It would be as impossible as it was for Balaam the son of Beor to curse the Hebrews. We would be the last to oppose the cultivation of music as a science, or to speak lightly of exhibitions of musical skill, on suitable occasions. But the house of God is not the place, nor the Sabbath day the time, for a few singers to astonish and surprise the multitude by a display of themselves, or of the notions of Boston and New York music teachers, introduced by them for the purpose of increasing their own popularity, and of rendering their books more saleable. Far better that the congregation join in singing right but devotional tunes; such as by their simplicity do not divert the attention from the sentiment of the hymn, and by the harmony of their arrangement promote a devotional spirit in all assembled for worship. Could this measure be adopted, all dissensions in choirs would cease; good tunes would not so soon become unfashionable, and all would be more interested in the services of the Lord's day. But it is said, this cannot be done; that should congregational singing be undertaken, the music

in our churches would degenerate, and at length utterly fail. There is a way in which it may be done. Let the children learn to sing at public, or singing schools; then let them, with all who can, assist in conducting the worship of the sanctuary.

Again, it is said that all children cannot learn to sing; hence will arise confusion by the introduction of music into schools. This may be answered in the language of a writer of the present day: "All children can learn to sing, if they begin in season. I do not say all will have the same sweet voice of the nightingale, for some have naturally sweet, mild, and soft voices, when they talk, while others speak in loud, strong, and masculine tones. The same is true in regard to singing. In Germany every child is taught to use its voice while young. In their schools all join in singing, as a regular exercise, as much as they attend to the study of geography; and in their churches the singing is not confined to the choir who sit apart from the others, perhaps in one corner of the house, but there is a vast tide of incense going forth to God from every heart that can give utterance to this language from the soul.

We would say to all, sing! Little children who have not been oppressed with care or stricken with sorrow, when angry feelings rise in your hearts curb and check them by singing sweet and cheerful songs. Ancient Sire bowed with the weight of many tedious years, tune that tremulous voice to the praise of Him who has permitted you so long to behold his goodness in the land of the living. Young men and maidens, cheered with the hope of long life, and many pleasant days to come, speak forth your joy in songs, and forget not to render thanks to Him "who keepeth your feet from falling; your eyes from tears, and your souls from death.

"Let men by noblest passions swayed,
Let those in God's own image made,
Their breath in praise employ;
Spread wide their MAKER'S name around
Till heaven shall echo back the sound,
In songs of holy joy."

A TEACHER.

* Several good poetical articles are on file, waiting a supply of what printers call "quads"—a term incomprehensible to the Muse, though very necessary in distinguishing some poetry from prose.

THE "NEPTUNE" is the name by which a beautiful sleigh from the manufactory of Mr. Purmort Hill, of this place, received its royal christening in our streets on Saturday last. It is no less a credit to its maker than an honor to its namesake, and while the one puts new polish upon his trident, we hope the other may "put money in his purse" in the same proportion. It was made to order of Mess. Berry, of Thomaston, and is designed to aid the gallant gentlemen and beautiful ladies of that place in spending a social and happy winter. It goes, by common consent, as a sample of what can be done by the mechanics of Waterville. We hope Mr. Berry may find it a good investment, and communicate the fact to some of our citizens, as a provocation to "go and do likewise." Should a gay party from Thomaston propose to visit Waterville, in their beautiful sleigh, immediately after the next snow storm, we beg they will send word, for our young gallants will want time to hide themselves—at least till Freeman, or Chandler, or Follansbee, or Simpson get up a rival of the splendid and beautiful Neptune.

We understand that the Rev. Calvin Gardner, who has been connected with the Universalist Society in this place, the last fifteen years, has consented to an arrangement with the society for another term of years. He commences his labors next Sabbath.

A HIT AT "THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND."—The following comical idea appears to have suggested itself to Major Noah, while he was comfortably seated in the new Astor Place Opera-house the other evening:—

In the midst of all the blaze of jewelry, the rustling of silks, the taste of dress generally among what is called our fashionables at the opera, while levelling their "lorgnettes" at the singers and shouting "bravo" and "bravo" we have imagined what would be their consternation if all the traps on the stage were to open at once, and their dead ancestors solemnly rise before them—the shoemaker, with his apron, hammer, and lap-stone—the tailor, with his shears and measures—the carpenter, with his adze—the baker, with his meal—the butcher, with his rump steak—and the huckster, with his basket of greens, carrots and potatoes!—What shaking and trembling there would be among the silks, laces and feathers—the tight cravats, white waistcoats, opera hats, and yellow kids. And when the spectres would glare at them, mournfully shaking their heads at the folly of their position, and pointing in derision with their skinny fingers to the golden fretwork, painted dome, and richly painted panels, dedicated to an amusement, and in a language neither of which they understood, how cadaverous and crest fallen would all this taste and fashion appear! And with a different, and less exclusive habit, how amiable it would be.

LIBERTY OF THE PARIS PRESS.—M. Delarocque, editor of the National newspaper, has recently been tried in Paris, on an indictment procured by Government, containing three counts: the first for throwing upon the King personally the responsibility and blame of the acts of the government—the second for adhering to another form of government—and the third for a personal offence to the King and the princes of the royal family.

The jury after an hour's deliberation, brought in a verdict of not guilty on the first two counts of the indictment, and guilty on the third count—of committing a personal offence against the King and the Princes of the royal family. And on this verdict, the Court sentenced Delarocque to be imprisoned eight months, and to pay a

fine of 6,000 f. This sentence has excited the indignation of the Paris press, and well it may; for where is their liberty if they are liable to be mulcted after this fashion for calling in question the doings of their Constitutional King and his government.

INCREASE OF THE ARMY.—The Government ask for liberty to increase the army in Mexico by the addition of ten regiments of regulars and 20,000 volunteers. These new demands have naturally led to some debate in Congress, in the course of which it was made to appear that there are now nearly 40,000 American soldiers in Mexico, viz: with General Scott over 32,000 men, and with General Wool nearly 6,000, to say nothing of some thousands in Santa Fe and California. Besides these, there are three regiments, of about 1000 men each, in process of being raised in the Southern and Western States, viz: one in Michigan, one in Alabama, and one in Mississippi. Add to these, 8000 or 9000 regulars and upwards of 6000 volunteers, which the Government already have power to raise to make up the quota authorized by Congress, and we have of soldiers actually in the field or which may be called out at the pleasure of the President, an army of at least 55,000.

SHOCKING TRAGEDY.—On Friday evening week, says the Jacksonville (Ala.) Republican, a Miss Elmina Brewer, a young lady who resided with a relative, about one mile from White Plains, in that county, was shot by a young man named Rooney, and severely if not mortally wounded in two places, one ball entering her breast without passing through, and the other her hip.

It appeared that Rooney prepared himself with two pistols, went to a cotton field where the young lady was alone, and immediately on declaring his intention, shot her down with one pistol, and then fired the other after she fell. He then went to the house of a neighbor, told what he had done, gave up the pistols, and said he desired to be hung. He also pleaded guilty to the charge before the committing magistrate.

The only reason given by the prisoner for the horrid act, was that he had desired to marry the girl, but she would not have him, and he preferred to kill her rather than she should become the wife of another.

Strange to say, notwithstanding the horrible nature of the wounds received, the young lady was still alive when last heard from, and hopes were entertained of her recovery.

[Mobile Tribune, 4th inst.]

THE WHOLE HOG.—Mr. Merrill Wyman, of Fryeburg Village has two of the handsomest, and probably the largest hogs ever raised in Oxford County. They are about nineteen months old, and will weigh at least, the one six hundred, and the other seven hundred lbs. So says one who has seen them.

MERRILL WYMAN, Esq. has killed his famous hogs. They were 19 months and 12 days old; and weighed, when dressed,—one 661 lbs, the other 562 1-2. The land from them, when tried out, weighed 180 lbs.—[Argus.]

DEATHS IN BANGOR IN 1847. The City Undertaker reports the whole number of deaths in that city in the year 1847, as 212. Of these 40 were of children of 1 year old and less; 50 were of children from 1 to 5 years old. Compared with the table for 1846, it shows a decrease of 42.

The court martial has adjourned until the 24th inst, in order to give Colonel Fremont a final hearing. It will then conclude the proceedings.

No less than six of the Mississippi editors were candidates for office in the late election in that State, and no less than six of them were beaten.

MARKETS.

WATERVILLE PRICES.

Flour, bbl. \$7.75 a \$8.00; Corn, bush. .02 a 1.00; Rye, \$1.75; Wheat, \$1.84; Oats, .40; Butter, lb. .16 a 18; Cheese, 8 a 10; Eggs, doz. .16 a 18; Pork, round hog, 7 to 8.

BRIGHTON MARKET.

THURSDAY, JAN. 13.

At market, 420 Beef Cattle, about 1530 Sheep and 300 swine.
Beef Cattle.—Extra quality, 6 50; first quality, 5 50 a 6 25; second do 5 a 5 25.
Working Oxen.—But few in market; prices from 98 to 120.
Cows and Calves.—Very few in market.
Sheep.—Sales from 2a 2 25. About 2000 Sheep from North Hadley, by A. Hibbard Esq at 3 75; some extra at 4 50 per head.
Swine.—Whole sale 1 25c for Sows, 5c for Barrows. Retail, 5 25 a 6 15c.
About thirty Beef Cattle remain unsold. But few Sheep or swine remain.

DIED.

In this village, on Monday morning last, Mr. OSEA DOUGLASS, aged 42 years. Funeral services, with Masonic honors, yesterday afternoon.

In Winslow, 18th inst, after an illness of 36 hours, of scarlet fever and cancer rash, Annah Elizabeth, only daughter of B. C. and E. H. Paine, aged 4 yrs 3 months.

In Thibodeaux, La., Mrs. Elvira, wife of Sumner Townsend, formerly of this town.

And though thy silent dust shall ever sleep
Far from thy kindred, who in anguish weep,
The friends thy virtues gained, will linger here,
And fond remembrance shed the heart-felt tear.

H.

Dentistry.

DR. D. BURBANK,
SURGEON DENTIST
AND
MANUFACTURER OF MINERAL TEETH,
Rooms in Hanson's Building,
Cor. Main and Elm sts.
WATERVILLE, MAINE.

ROBES.

BUFFALO ROBES and COATS, cheap for cash, at
C. R. Phillips's.
23-Dec-30.

NOTICE
Is hereby given, that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix on the estate of Rutherford Drummond, late of Waterville in the county of Kennebec, deceased, intestate, and has undertaken that trust by giving bond as the law directs: All persons, therefore, having demands against the Estate of said deceased are desired to exhibit the same for settlement; and all indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to
REBECCA DRUMMOND.
January 3, 1848.

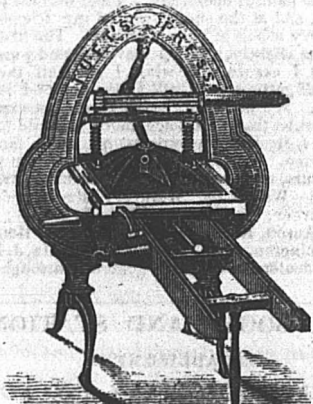
AT
J. R. ELDEN'S,
—One Door North of Boutelle's Block—
May be found one of the best assortments of
W. India Goods, Groceries,
CROCKERY and GLASS WARE,
That can be found on the Kennebec River.

J. R. E. has the agency of the BUCKFIELD and CAMDEN POWDER COMPANIES, and is prepared to sell at wholesale and retail.
Waterville, Jan. 1, 1848. 24

AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,
THAT four Assessments of five per cent. each, (being the sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth assessments,) on the amount of stock subscribed for by each Stockholder in the Kennebec and Waterville Railroad Company, (being Two Dollars and Fifty cents on each original share subscribed for,) have been ordered by the President and Directors of said Company, and that the said assessments will be due and payable to the Treasurer of the Company, at his Office, in Waterville, as follows, to wit:
The sixth assessment on the first day of Feb'y next.
The seventh assessment on the first day of March next.
The eighth assessment on the first day of April next.
The ninth assessment on the first day of May next.
EDWIN NOYES,
Treasurer A. & K. R. R. Co.
Dec. 27, 1847. 23 apm.

W. A. BURLEIGH, M. D.
Operative Surgeon
AND
PRACTISING PHYSICIAN,
WATERVILLE, ME.
Refers to JOHN HUBBARD, M. D., Hallowell.
H. H. HILL, M. D., Augusta.

BOOK AND FANCY JOB
PRINTING OFFICE.

JOHN S. CARTER
CONTINUES TO EXECUTE ALL KINDS OF
BOOK AND FANCY JOB PRINTING,
IN GOOD STYLE AND AT SHORT NOTICE.
He keeps for sale most kinds of BLANKS in use in this vicinity.
JOB AND CARD PRINTING done in good shape and at fair prices.
* Office in Pratt's Building, three doors below Williams's Hotel, Main street.*
Waterville, Nov. 1847. 184

GLOVES.
THE best assortment of GLOVES in Waterville, to be found at
Dec. 30.—23.
BARGAINS!—BARGAINS!
JANUARY 1, 1848.

J. R. ELDEN,
One Door North of Boutelle's Block,
Has determined to dispose of his entire stock of
Dry Goods
BY THE FIRST OF MARCH NEXT.
To accomplish this, he offers to purchasers such decided
BARGAINS AND INDUCEMENTS
as must produce a rapid sale.

The following list embraces but a small part of his extensive stock. The prices annexed, however, will show that the above statements are correct:
Eng. Fr. and Ger. Cloths, from \$1.50 to 4.00
Fancy and plain Satinets, 30 62 1-2
Doe Skins and Cassimeres, 62 1-2 1.00
6000 yds. Eng. and Am. Prints, 4 12 1-2
5000 " Patch, 4 12 1-2
4000 " Cashm. & M. de Laines, 12 1-2 20
1200 " Silk & cot. wp. Alpaccas, 20 50
400 " Eng. & Dom. Flannels, 4-4
and 5-4, 25 62 1-2
400 " Red Twill'd do., 25 33
1200 " col'd Cambricks, 6 1-4 8
8000 " bro. Sheetings, 6 1-4 10
2000 " bleached do., 8 12 1-2
30 doz. Linen Hdkfs, 6 1-4 37 1-2
25 " Cot. Hose, 8 20
15 " Blk do., 10 20
10 " Cashmere, 30 50
10 " White Kid Gloves, 37 1-2 50
10 " Blk do., 25 50

A GREAT VARIETY OF
Fancy Goods.
A good assortment of Plain and Cord
CAMBRICKS,
Muslins,
Lawn,
Linen Cambricks,
Lin. & Col. Damask,
Silks,
Ginghams,
Delisle Stripes,
Thibet Cloths,
Lyonese do.,
Plaids,
Laces,
Shawls,
Fringes,
Hdkfs,
Vestings,
Linen,
Linsley Woolsey's,
Table Covers,
Velvets,
Berages,
Silkies,
Diapers,
Crash,
Tickings,
Drillings,
Cot. Flannels,
Merino Shirts,
Carpet Bags &c. &c.

1200 LBS. FEATHERS,
[all cleaned], from 12 1-2 to 40 cents per pound.
A LARGE LOT OF
LOOKING-GLASSES,
at the Manufacturers' Prices.
Purchasers are respectfully invited to call and examine this stock of Goods, as they may rest assured that prices will be given which will
—DEFY ALL COMPETITION.
Waterville, Jan. 1848. 23tf.

W. F. & E. H. BRABROOK'S
FURNITURE, FEATHER and CARPET STORE.
Nos. 48 50 & 52 Blackstone street Boston.
Where may be found an extensive assortment of all kinds of Furniture, Feather, Carpets, Clocks, Looking-Glasses, Hair and Palm-leaf Mattresses, which will be sold at very low prices for CASH.
Public Houses in or out of the city furnished on Credit.
W. F. & E. H. BRABROOK.

NEW ARRIVAL.
\$1,500 WORTH
OF
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
JUST RECEIVED.

BY
CHARLES H. THAYER.
Consisting of the following articles:
Heavy Tweed COATS, Black Cassimere PANTS
Mixed sat. do. Striped D. S. do.
Blue Ribbed do. Blue do. do.
Mixed sat. JACKETS, Blue do. do.
Green do. Blue Ribbed do.
Silk VESTS, Mixed sat. do.
Fancy do. Canada Grey do.
Cassimere do. Check suitings do.
Rob Roy do. Red flannel do.
Satinets do. Striped do.
Overall do. Red Flannel Drawers.

BOYS' CLOTHING.
Tweed COATS, Black cassimere PANTS
Cassimere do. Striped satinets do.
Blue cassimere JACKETS, Mixed do.
Mixed sat. do. Plaid do.
SATINET SACKS, Fancy do.

A general Assortment of
DRY GOODS!!!
Consisting in part of the following articles:
Broadcloths, Tissues, Alpaca, Prints
Satinets, Serges, de Laines, Patchs
Doekins, Vestings, Ginghams, Shawls
&c., &c., &c.

A large Stock of
PAINTS AND OILS.
Consisting in part of the following articles:
Coach Varnish, Whiting, American Vermilion
Furniture do. Lamp Black, Chinese Green
Japan do. Gum Shellac, Chrome Green
Spir. Turpentine, Grd. Verdigris, " Yellow
Lined Oil, French Yellow, " Red
Lamp Oil, Ven. Red, Coach Black
Pure Grd. Lead, Prussian Blue, Jay do.
Extra do. Litharge, Paris Green
Red do. Umber, Rose Pink
Glue do. Flake White, Yell.

GOLD LEAF, &c. &c.
A general assortment of
W. I. GOODS AND GROCERIES,
HARDWARE AND IRON,
NAILS AND GLASS.

A LARGE LOT OF
Buffalo Robes, Fur, Seal, and Nutra Caps.
The above were bought mostly for cash, and will be sold as low as can be bought on Kennebec River.
Waterville, Oct. 27, 1847. [144]

NEW STOVE STORE!
MAIN ST., WATERVILLE.

THE Subscriber has taken the Store formerly occupied by ARTHUR & GILMAN, North side the Common, and East side of Main Street, where he will keep constantly on hand a General assortment of the most approved

Cooking Stoves
THAT CAN BE FOUND ON THE KENNEBEC.
To those wanting a Cook Stove, particular attention is
PATENT TROJAN PIONEER,
MANUFACTURED BY
LEWIS P. MEAD & CO., Augusta.
Where the unrivalled sale and high Testimonials of its Cooking Qualities, render it the most popular and convenient Stove now in use.
This stove can in a few moments be so disconnected as to make TWO PERFECT STOVES, and the Oven part used for a Summer or Parlor Stove, taking less fuel, and performing the various Cooking purposes admirably.
Also, for Sale, the
CONGRESS AIR-TIGHT STOVE,
Wager's do., Stanley's Air-Tight Rotary do.
Empire Union, Express, Maine Farmer,
Hawthay, Hot Air, Boston (two ovens)
Paragon, Iron Witch, and Parlor
Cook, comprising all the New and
Improved Patterns.

Also, a Good Assortment of PARLOR AIR-TIGHT STOVES, (Cast and Sheet Iron,) Franklin, Box and Cylinder Stoves of Various Patterns; Fire Bricks, Hollow and Britannia Ware; Sheet Iron and Tin Ware.
Mr. E. DUNBAR is employed here, and will attend to all repairs, as usual.
SHEET IRON and TIN WORK DONE TO ORDER.
J. R. FOSTER.
Waterville, Sept. 23, 1847. 94f.

Mr. J. R. FOSTER, SILENT—I have dealt somewhat extensively in Cooking Stoves, and have tried, as I suppose, the best and most convenient. But, after a trial of the TROJAN, I cheerfully recommend it to the public as the Best Cooking Stove now in use for all the different branches of Cookery. In fact it far exceeds any other within my knowledge.
Waterville, 29th Sept., 1847. W. A. F. STEVENS.

We, the undersigned, having used several different kinds of Cooking Stoves, have now in use Smith's Patent Trojan Pioneer. We recommend it to the public as the Best and most convenient Cooking Stove now in use. It being complete in all its arrangements, it cannot fail to give satisfaction. Respectfully yours,
CLARK STANLEY,
D. H. WELLS,
R. S. BRACKET
NOAH BOOTHBY.

Waterville, Sept. 20, 1847.
WESTERN Extra & Clear POAK for sale
by
PARKER & PHILLIPS.
CIRCULAR, Cross-cut and Mill Saws, for sale by
W. C. DOW & CO.

FEATHERS and Looking Glasses—A large assortment for sale by
W. C. DOW & CO.

I. H. LOW & CO.
HAVE just received a fresh supply of Perry Davis's PAIN KILLER, for sale wholesale and retail.
Also, a new arrival of BURNING FLUID, and Day & Martin's BLACKING, always on hand.
Oct. 30. 10.

OX-BOWS & AXE-HANDLES,
FOR sale by
W. C. DOW & CO.

PURE Sperm, ref'd Whale, and Lard Oil, for sale by
W. C. DOW & CO.

LATEST NEWS.
JOSEPH MARSTON
HAS just received, at his Brick Block, a fresh and desirable stock of
Foreign, Domestic, Fancy and Staple DRY GOODS,
together with a general assortment of
W. I. GOODS & GROCERIES, CROCKERY & GLASS WARE,
which he offers to his friends and the public as LOW AS CAN BE BOUGHT OR KENNEBEC RIVER, for cash, or on short and approved credit.
He has on hand a lot of L. Bayley's superior Laundry STARCH POLISH, which he will sell at wholesale or retail.
Waterville, Nov. 24, 1847. 184f.

J. T. NOYES, M.D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
(Graduate of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, Late Asst. Physician in U. S. M. Hospital, Boston.)
Devotes special attention to diseases of the Lungs and Throat.
Office cor. Main and Silver sts.—Residence, Parker House.
WATERVILLE, ME.

HORSE BLANKETING, 9-4 wide, all wool, for sale by
W. C. DOW & CO.

IRON AND STEEL.
THE best assortment to be found in this town, for sale by
W. C. DOW & CO.

BLANKETS—Whitney, Bath, and Duell—
PARKER & PHILLIPS.

150 HDS. T. ISLAND and CADIZ SALT, for sale, PARKER & PHILLIPS.

HATS & CAPS,
Of all kinds, cheap at Phillips's, No. 1, Pratt's Building.
23-Dec-30.

It is a Fixed Fact

THAT **J. L. SMITH** has just received, and now offers for sale, at wholesale or retail as good an assortment of
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,
Of as good a Quality, and at as low Prices, as can be found in Waterville.
HE HAS ADOPTED THE
ONE PRICE SYSTEM,
and all who trade with him will get their goods at a low price, without bantering, or fear that they are not used as well as their neighbors.

The following are a few of the Goods he has on hand:
2,000 lbs. Codfish,
1,500 " Halibut,
500 " smoked do.
500 " Spring Fish,
1,000 " Pollock,
Box Herring,
Nos. 1 and 2 Mackerel,
Napes and Fins,
Tongues and Sounds,
Pork, Lard,
Sweet Potatoes,
40 bushels Onions,
500 strings do.
Cranberries,
100 dozen Eggs,
1500 lbs. New York Cheese,
600 bushels Salt,
S. E. and W. S. Oil,
Oranges and Lemons,
100 barrels extra Genesee FLOUR,
Havana, Trinidad and Syrup Molasses,
Portland, Porto Rico, Muscovado, brown and white Havana, Crushed and powdered Sugars,
Souchong, Hoher, Ningyung, Oolong, Young and Old Hyson Teas,
Rio, Maricao, Porto Cabello and Old Java Coffee,
Cocoa and Chocolate,
Saleratus, Soda, Cream Tartar,
Rice, Sago, Tapioca,
Citron, Raisins, Currants, Figs,
Sap Sugar, Nuts of all kinds,
Irish Moss, Spices of all kinds,
20 doz. Painted Pails,
The best assortment of Tobacco and Cigars to be found in Waterville.
Brooms, Cords, Lines, &c. &c. &c.

STONE, WOODEN & EARTHEN WARE.

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE—NO. ONE, TICONIC ROW.

C. J. WINGATE,

WATCH MAKER & JEWELLER,.....WATERVILLE, MAINE,

(New Store, opposite Messrs. Sanger & Dow's.)

OFFERS FOR SALE A GOOD AND EXTENSIVE ASSORTMENT OF

WATCHES and CLOCKS, Gold Beads, Breast Pins, Purse Rings and Tassels,
Gold and Silver Ear Rings, Jack and Pen Knives, Scissors, Bag Clips and Trimmings,
Finger Rings, Shaving and Toilet Soap, Silk Purse,
Watch Chains, Razors and Razor Strops, Tooth Brushes,
Watch Guards, Cologne, Plated Spoons,
Seals and Keys, Gold and Metallic Pens, Bracelets, Gold Snaps,
Ever Pointed Pencils, Fancy Work Boxes, Steel Beads,
Belt Buckles, Combs, of all kinds, Spectacles of all kinds,
Wallets and Pocket Books, Hair and Clothes Brushes, Hair Oils and Perfumery,
Snuff Boxes, Toys for Children, Accordeons & Accordeon Books, Violin Strings, wet and dry Card Cases,
Hemming's Best Needles, Butter Knives,

Splendid Solar Lamps,

Consisting of HANGING, with and without shades; also SIDE and CENTRE, with plain and cut Shades, Prism Lustres, &c.
The above Lamps afford a most brilliant light by burning the common Oil. Also for sale
EXTRA LAMP SHADES, WICKS & CHIMNEYS.

SILVER PLATED & BRITANNIA WARE.

Consisting of Coffee Pots, Tea Pots, Sugar and Creamers, elegant Cut Glass and Common Casters, Cups, Candle Sticks and Lamps.
Also, COMMUNION SERVICE FOR CHURCHES, in sets to suit purchasers.
Together with many other Fancy and Useful Articles, all of which having been bought for Cash, will be sold on the most reasonable terms.

PERSONAL ATTENTION PAID TO

REPAIRING ALL KINDS OF WATCHES,

Such as Lever, L'Epine, Horizontal, Vertical, Duplex, Repeating, Alarm, Common, &c. Having formerly had about six years experience with a first rate workman, and much experience since, he feels confident that all Watches entrusted to his care will give entire satisfaction.

OLD GOLD & SILVER BOUGHT. COFFIN PLATES MADE & ENGRAVED

ESTY & KIMBALL
Have just received at their NEW STAND, No. 4, TICONIC Row, one of the
LARGEST and RICHEST STOCK of GOODS
Ever offered in the place, which they have purchased expressly for the time, and will sell at wholesale or retail, at a low price, for the same quality, than can be bought in town.
They have a first rate selection of Foreign & Domestic, Fancy and Staple

DRY GOODS,
Bolting Cloths, Feathers, Looking-Glasses, Crockery and Glass ware, together with a general assortment of
GROCERIES.
CASH PURCHASERS, and those whose credit is as good as cash, should not fail to give us a call before buying elsewhere, for we are determined that No. 4, Ticonic Row, shall be known as the place where the
BEST BARGAINS
Can be obtained without bantering or trouble.
Waterville, Sept., 1847.

SPERM, WHALE, and NEATS FOOT OIL for sale by
PARKER & PHILLIPS.

WILLIAM C. DOW & CO.
WOULD inform their friends and the public, that they keep constantly on hand, an extensive assortment of
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,
West India Goods and Groceries,
FEATHERS, LOOKING-GLASSES, CROCKERY, AND
CHINA WARE.
Also, Iron, Steel, Hard Ware, Circular and Mill Saws, Wrought and Cut Nails, Window Glass, Lined Oil, Dry and Ground Lead, Coach and Furniture Varnish, Japan, Paints, &c.; together with a Good assortment of

TRIUMPH & MANILLA CORDAGE.
The above goods will be sold at reduced prices, for cash or produce, or on short and approved credit.
Waterville, Sept., 1847.

NEW FALL GOODS.
PARKER & PHILLIPS.
(At the Store recently occupied by W. H. Blair & Co.)
WOULD respectfully inform their customers and the public, that they have just received an extensive
STOCK of GOODS
adapted to the season, consisting in part of Silk and Cotton Warp Alpaccas, Indianas, Thibets, Cashmeres, Delaines, Mohair, Oregon, Gals and Royal Plaids, Rob Roy, English and American Prints, Broadcloths, Pilot and Beaver Cloths of all colors, Cassimeres, Doekins, Bathings of all colors and descriptions, Col'd Cambricks, Sheetings, Drillings, White and Col'd Flannels, Shawls of every description, Scotch and Russia Diapers and Crashes, Bookings, Tickings, &c. &c., also a choice assortment of

W. I. Goods and Groceries,
FEATHERS, &c.
all of which will be sold as cheap as can be bought in this town or on the Kennebec River, for cash or approved credit.
DON'T FORGET THE PLACE!
OPPOSITE THE TOWN HALL, MAIN ST.
Waterville, Oct., 1847. 12 tf.

HOUSE FOR SALE.
A TWO-STORY HOUSE, pleasantly situated on Elm street, formerly owned by the late Isaac Dodge, now occupied by the Rev. Mr. Nott. The house and outbuildings are in good repair. Inquiries can be made of Mr. W. H. Nott, or of Mr. E. Davis, Register.
Nov. 1847.

FARMERS ATTENTION!
TWO HUNDRED TONS OF PLASTER, of the best quality, just received and for sale by the undersigned, at their Mill, near the steamboat landing, where a good supply of fresh-ground will be kept constantly on hand. Please call at the store (as the landing is much exposed to the wind).
W. D. MOORE.
Waterville, Dec. 27, 1847.

POETRY.

(For the Eastern Mail.)

NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

I wish you all a happy New-Year!
Long life and good cheer;
May sorrow nor want your bosoms come near.
Fresh garlands for the new-born year—
Not of the leaves now brown and sore,
But verdant, beautiful and bright
With the first blush of rosy light—
O let us place upon thy brow,
Just at this precious passing now,
While all the world is locked in sleep,
And the clock striking one, is loudly replying—
"I have come, I have come, like the young and the fair,
Unknown to me yet is sorrow or care—
The night dews are bathing my sunny brown hair."

Morning rolls up the hills;
Its blushes are given,
Lightly tinging the mountain,
Reflecting the heaven.
Entering on the welcome year,
For soon 'twill be said—it is laid on its bier.

Old year now adieu;
We've parted with you
Like one we have traveled with closely together—
It seems a short time
Since first was your chime.

Since you, too, was hailed as in your prime;
A friend you have been in all kinds of weather.
We cannot but grieve
Your threshold to leave,
And try for your brows a chaplet to weave;
As though departed and slow,
We do not want to see thee go,
And yet we know thou canst not live!

And now, my dear friend,
A right did you send,
To see if its closing a sorrow will lend?
Wouldst open the Book
For one little look?

Say, rather, whatever is coming—I wait,
And patiently standing, I am at the gate;
I would not bid the leaves anathema,
Nor for a day its course control;
I know that all is for the best,
Its opening time—and closing—blest.

A God sits on the circling sphere,
And wheels the changes of the year;
Time is as a drop to the ocean given
When all the windows of high heaven
Are pouring their waters into the sea—
Such is time swallowed up in Eternity.
And now one wish we give,
That if this year we live
Our motto be "onward" in virtue and truth
And tho' Time grows old—we're still in our Youth.
These never will die,
Nor cost us a sigh,
But lead us to mansions prepared for us on high.

Advertisements.

J. B. CUTTS, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Having been engaged in the practice of his profession
for the past six years, offers his services to the
citizens of WATERVILLE and the
adjacent towns.
Office in BOUTELLE'S BLOCK.

CARRIAGE TRIMMING

AND
HARNESSE MAKING,
BY
J. S. MC FARLAND,
first shop south of Hancock's building, Main-st.
WATERVILLE.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Post Office Waterville, Jan.
1st, 1848.

Allen Mrs. Asenath. Lewis Miss Charlotte A.
Barnes Warren, (2) Lewis Mary E.
Bowman Miss Caroline Lou Mrs Jane
Blaisdell Miss Paulina Lande Elbridge
Butterfield Stephen H. McLellan William
Brackets M. A. Moore Jason
Barrett Harrison Marshall Harrison
Blanchard John Morrow Richard
Butland Charles Martin Miss Electa A.
Burgess James Moore Curtis
Burgess Watson Marshall Miss Sarah
Buck Bainbridge Marshall Miss Alice
Bailey Stephen Morrill Miss Susan
Brown Samuel Morse Rben
Blackstone Daniel McKechnie Alex
Brainard A. R. Morrill Jediah 2d
Branch Milton McLaughlin Miss Mary
Burbank Caroline A. Mead & Obrien
Bean Miss Abigail N. Norman Betsey
Bixby Solomon Porter Charles
Bradford H. M. Penney Henry
Bowman Augustus T. Potter Dr. J. F.
Cannon & Burgess Phillips Daniel
Colby Timothy Pollard Asa 2
Cohan Mrs Mary B. Pollard Edwin
Case Chauncey Penney Miss Margaret
Coyne Samuel Pollard Levi
Clark Hobart (2) Penney Arba
Crommett T. E. Pollard William 2
Cook John M. Parker Zachariah
Carpenter Gilbert H. 2 Penney William G.
Chase Elisha Proctor Jeremiah
Coolidge J. C. Proctor Miss Ann
Dingle Miss Sarah H. Prescott Charles
Dodge George W. Prescott Mary E.
Dunbar Ois Proctor Aaron
Davis Jonas Phelan William
Davis Miss Mary Parmelee James H.
Davis John Rough & Ready steam-
Dingley James er, Capt. of
Eaton Joseph Soule William
Ellis Mrs Francis D. Shorey Miss Harriet
Emery Reuben Simpson Ezekiel
Edwards & Irvine Stanley Leonard
Foster Mrs Diana W. Stacey Moses
Fisher Samuel Smith Mrs Louisa S.
Frederick Elijah Smith Sewall
Freeman John 2 Saunders T. O.
Gray Miss Paulina Starkey Miss Mary J.
Gould Miss Maria Storey Miss Sophia J.
Giddings Mr. Sloper John
Gray William Sloper Stephen
Greene Mrs Sarah Simpson R. T.
Holt Horace Simpson Winslow
Holmes Isaiah Simpson George
Horn Edmund P. Townsend Miss Laura
Howe Wm L. Tozer Miss Pamelia
Harrison John Tozer Miss Mary
Ingalls Robert Tozer Bryant
Ives Joseph Thurston Oliver
Johnson W. T. Trafton Joseph
King Betsey Williams Hanson
Keith Mrs Lydia F. Welch Miss Louisa
Kilridge Dr E. A. Wright Miss Abby
King John Wing Allen
Kimball Frank Wing Ben. F.
Kimball Chas. E. C. Welch Oliver
Lewis Jason Wardwell Jeremiah
Low Orrin Weaver Edwin
Longley Z. Wardwell Hutchins L.
Low Ivory Water Cure Establishment
Lewis D. B. Water Cure Superintendent

Persons calling for any of the above letters
will please say they are advertised.

OBSERVE!

LAST CHANCE THIS SEASON!

The Greatest Inducement ever offered

IN BOSTON!

GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING

and

FURNISHING GOODS.

Great Excitement!

AN UNPRECEDENTED RUSH

AT

Oak Hall!!!

PRICES OF CLOTHING

MARKED DOWN

25 PER CENT.

In consequence of the very mild weather of

the season, thus far, and the Great Quantities

of Garments made up by the undersigned this

Fall for

WINTER WEAR,

it has become necessary that his vast stock of

GENTLEMEN'S WINTER CLOTHING

and

FURNISHING MATERIALS

Should be closed up immediately!

THE FOLLOWING EXTRAORDINARY

INDUCEMENTS

are therefore offered to the public. Read this and call at

OAK HALL.

The spacious Sales Rooms will be thrown open at nine

o'clock A. M. on

Thursday, Dec. 23, 1847,

and the sale will continue till

Tuesday, Feb. 1, 1848.

During this period, every article of the enormous stock

of GEO. W. SIMMONS' Oak Hall will be MARKED

DOWN twenty-five per cent, below the very lowest

prices now current at this Great Clothing Mart. This

stock embraces the most extensive assortment of

GENTLEMEN'S & BOYS'

Clothing

ever collected together in any one establishment in this

or any other country. Those who want

THICK CLOTHING

at an enormous discount will do well to call,

for these goods must be disposed of, as I have

determined, whatever may be the sacrifice, that this

great stock of

HEAVY WINTER CLOTHING

now on hand in my establishment,

SHALL BE SOLD.

Examine the following Low Prices, reduced one-fourth,

and bring this advertisement with you.

BELOW IS THE LIST.

300 Blue Pilot Overcoats, velvet collars, at \$6, 8, 10, 12

250 Blue Mackinaw Blanket Overcoats, 6, 8, 10

100 Tweed Sacks and Suits, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10

500 Fancy Tweed do 3, 4, 5, 6

100 Pilot Jackets, lined with flannel, 3, 5, 6, 8

400 French Overcoats, made in Paris 8, 10, 12

150 Duffle do and knicker 3, 4, 5

600 Satisfac do figured, plain and 3, 4, 5, 6

500 Camel (real goat's hair) Wrappers, quilted 8, 10, 12

250 Tweed Sacks and Overcoats 4, 5, 6

500 Hunting and Business Coats of Black Velvet 2, 3, 4

500 Single and Double Beaver Overcoats, each 4, 5, 6

275 Brown Sacks, velvet collars and facings, 6, 8, 10

150 Olive and Brown Castor Cloth Overcoats, 6, 8, 10

750 Siberian Beaver Overcoats, Gold and Silver Mixed 12, 14, 15

450 Broadcloth Overcoats, brown, green, black 12, 14, 15

750 Superior Drab Overcoats and Sacks woollen linings 12, 14, 15

100 Jackets, blue and black broadcloth 4, 5, 6, 8, 10

100 do Satinet, a good article 2, 3, 4, 5

3000 pairs Pants, Broadcloth, Doeskin and Cassimere, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10

2000 do stout satinet, twilled and plain 1, 1.75, 2, 2.50, 3, 4

1500 Vests, of satin, rich figured and plain black 1.50, 1.75, 2, 2.50, 3

2000 do Fancy and plain Velvet and Cashmere 1, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 2, 2.50

1000 do Valencia, Cloth, Marcellines, &c. 50c, 75c, 1, 1.25, 2, 3

500 Royal plaid, all wool, single and double-breasted 1, 1.25, 1.50, 2

150 Dressing Gowns, fig'd and plain velvet 4, 5, 6, 8

300 do Print and M. de Laine 2, 2.50, 3, 4

600 Dress and Frock Coats, blue, black, green, brown, &c. 7, 9, 10, 12, 14

200 Business Coats, olive, brown, green, &c. 6, 8, 10, 12, 14

700 Cloaks, Opera, and Full Circle 6, 8, 10, 12, 14

200 do and Capes made from pilot and beaver 3, 5, 6, 8, 9

LIST OF FASHIONABLE

BOYS' CLOTHING,

at similarly low rates.

Overcoats and Sacks of brown and black Broadcloth each

from 3, 5, 6, 8, 10

Overcoats and Sacks, of Beaver and Pilot 4, 5, 6, 8, 10

Overcoats and Sacks, of satinets and Tweeds 2.75, 3, 3.50, 4, 4.50

Cloaker and Capes, of Broadcloth 2.50, 3, 3.50, 4, 4.50, 6

Dress Frocks, of black, brown, green, olive Cloth 6, 8, 10, 12, 14

Jackets, of black, brown, green, olive Cloth 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10

Polka Suits, all colors, a great variety 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10

Pants, of Broadcloth, Cassimere, Doeskin, &c. 1.75, 2, 2.25, 2.50, 3

Vests, of black and fancy col'd Satinet, Velvets, &c. 1, 1.25, 1.50

Vests, double-breasted, of Cloth, Plaid, Valencia, 50c, 75c, 1, 1.25, 1.50

Overhauls, and many other articles of Boys' Clothing 30c, 37c, and 50c

an endless variety of such Goods.

ELEGANT

FURNISHING GOODS,

as follows.

300 dozen White Shirts, linen bosoms, collars and wrist-

bands, each 62c, 75c, 1

100 dozen White Shirts, plain 33c, 37c, 40c

50 do Striped Calico Shirts 50c, 60c

50 do Twilled Flannel Shirts 37c, 50c

50 do Cotton Flannel Shirts and Drawers 37c, 42c

25 do Marino and Ang Shirts and Drawers 62c, 75c

100 do Ipswich and Portsmouth Shirts and Drawers 92c, 1

50 do Royal Ribbed Shirts and Drawers 55c, 75c

50 do Plain and Twilled Red Flannel Shirts and 62c, 75c

Drawers 75c, 1

100 do Quernsey Frocks 75c, 1

75 do Linen Bosoms, plain and run plaid, all kinds 25c, 37c

1000 do Collars, plain and colored, fashionable 8c, 25c

25 do Rich figured Satin Scarfs 75c, 1.75

200 do Satin Scarfs, heavy 62c, 1

25 do Self-cleaning Cravats and Stocks, Satin 37c, 75c

and Silk 37c, 75c

75 do Braces, of all kinds and material 37c, 62c

100 do Muffs and Comforters, figured and spotted 75c, 1

25 do Kid Gloves, black, white and fancy colors 37c, 75c

100 do Fancy Gloves, silk, linen and wool 37c, 75c

50 do Buck Gloves, super, and Mittens 17c, 50c

50 do Pocket Handkerchiefs, silk and linen 6c, 1

50 do Socks and Woollen Mitts 12c, 33c

50 do Smoking Caps, of Silk, Wool and Velvet 12c, 1

20 do Brussels and other Carpet Rugs 1, 1.25

1000 do Umbrellas, silk and cotton, all sizes 37c, 2.50

1000 do Canes, with swords, dirks, &c. 15c, 2.00

&c. &c. &c.

Together with an endless variety of

RICH PIECE GOODS!

Which will be made up in the most Fashionable Manner,

at short notice, as my Whole Stock must be closed up

IMMEDIATELY, on account of the late ARRIVAL of new

goods on our premises and the midwinter of the

season.

Every one who calls upon me to purchase during

the period above named, may do so in the Confidence

Expectation of getting

A GREAT BARGAIN!

REMEMBER

GEORGE W. SIMMONS'S

"OAK HALL,"

ANN STREET, BOSTON,

(Opposite the Head of Merchants' Row.)

Boston, Dec. 25, 1847. [24-3w

ROBES.

BUFFALO ROBES and COATS, cheap for sale, at

C. R. Phillips's.

CARDS!

PLAIN, ORNAMENTED AND EMBOSSED—an exten-

sive assortment for sale, from 1-12 to 25 cents per

pack, by

Nov. 17, 1847.

MUFFS!! MUFFS!!

ALSO

Has Just Received a LARGE ASSORTMENT of

Muffs, Boas, Buffalo Robes, Hats, and Caps, which

are for sale on reasonable terms.

ALSO

All kinds of School Books & Stationery;

ALSO

Sofas, Bureaus, Tables, Bedsteads,

Chairs, Feather Beds, & Looking Glasses

November, 1847. 16c.

ROBERT T. DAVIS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

WATERVILLE.

No. 5 Ticonic Row.....Residence at Williams' Hotel.

DANIEL SANBORN.

COUNSELLOR & ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Waterville, Me.

Will devote his whole attention to the business of

his profession.

Office in PRAY'S BUILDING Main street.

18.3ms.

LADIES!

YOU can find the best MUFFS and other FURS at

Phillips's, every other store in Waterville, and at prices

lower than at any other store in town. 23-Dec. 30.

BOOTS!! BOOTS!!

THIS day received, by A. LYFORD, a prime lot of

Men's and Boys' THICK BOOTS, which will be sold

as low as can be bought anywhere on the river.

Waterville, Dec. 30, 1847. 23c

WATERVILLE ACADEMY,

WINTER TERM.

THE WINTER TERM of this Institution will begin

on Monday, the 23d of Nov., under the direction of

JAMES H. HANSON, A. M., Principal, assisted by Miss

ROXANA F. HANSON, Preceptress, Miss SUSAN D.

PERCE, Teacher of Music, and other assistants as the

interests of the school require.

Its prominent objects are the following:—To provide,

at moderate expense, facilities for a thorough